

PZ

.8
.3

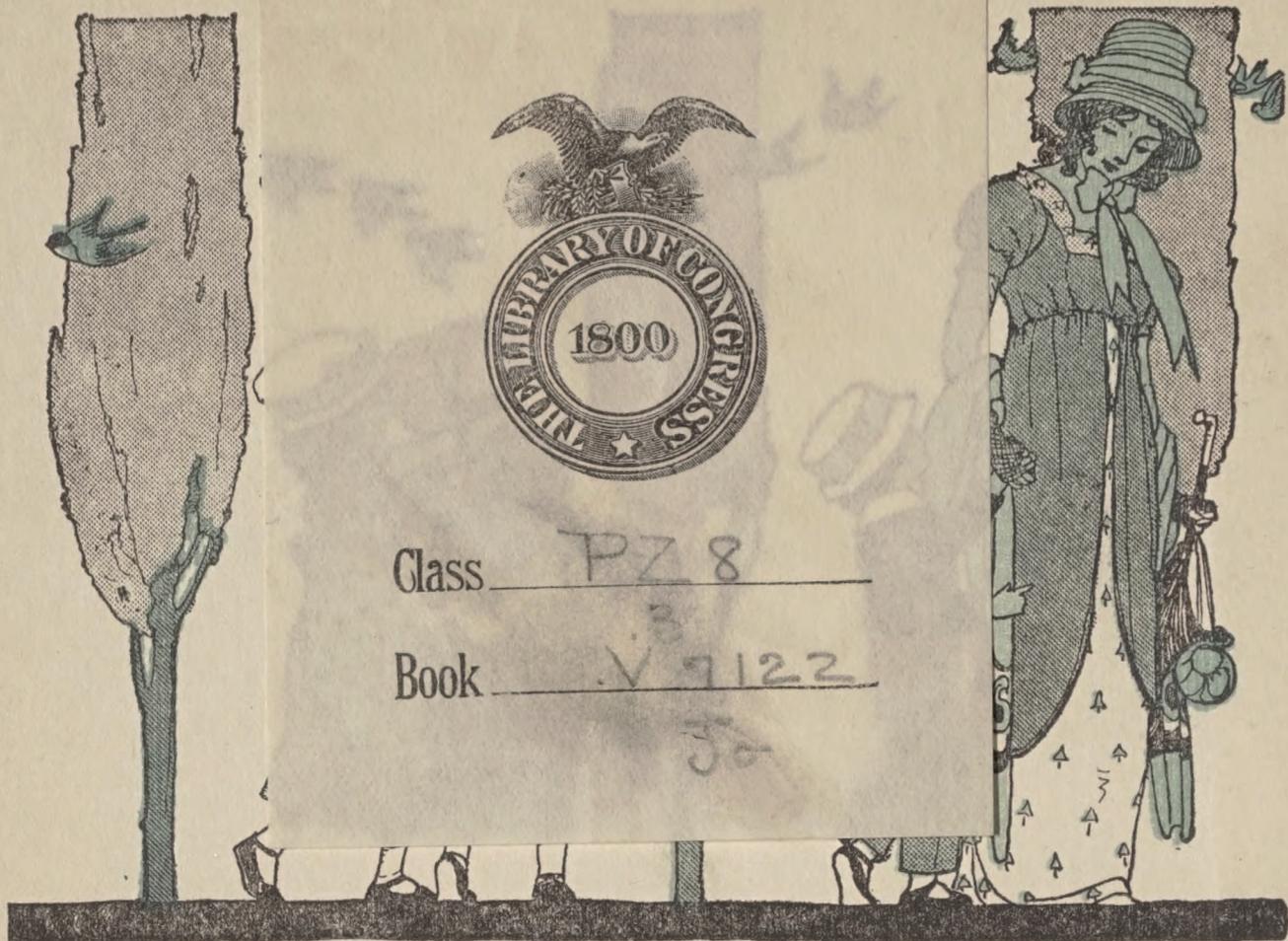
V7122

Jo

FT MEADE
GenColl

JOURNEYS IN STORY-LAND





WHICH?

Which is Lucy Locket?

Which is Kitty Fisher?

Which is Little Jack Horner?

Which is Mrs. Horner?



AND WHICH?

Which is Bobby Shafto?

Which is Little Boy Blue?

Which is Little Miss Muffet?

Which is Mrs. Muffet?

Journeys in Story-Land

Journeys in Story-Land

By
JAMES H. VAN SICKLE
AND
WILHELMINA SEEGMILLER

ASSISTED BY
FRANCES JENKINS

With Illustrations by
MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1922

PZ 8
V. 3
7/22
Ja

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

314388
23

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.







BETTY'S DOLLY

This is Betty's dolly.

Betty sings this song.

THIS IS THE WAY

This is the way

I wash her clothes,

Wash her clothes,

Wash her clothes;

This is the way

I wash her clothes,

So early in the morning.



This is the way
I iron her clothes,
Iron her clothes,
Iron her clothes ;
This is the way
I iron her clothes,
So early in the morning.



This is the way
I scrub her floor,
Scrub her floor,
Scrub her floor ;
This is the way
I scrub her floor,
So early in the morning.



This is the way
I sweep her house,
Sweep her house,
Sweep her house;
This is the way
I sweep her house,
So early in the morning.



This is the way
I bake her cake,
Bake her cake,
Bake her cake;
This is the way
I bake her cake,
So early in the morning



This is the way
I take her to call,
Take her to call,
Take her to call;
This is the way
I take her to call,
So early in the morning.



This is the way
I take her to ride,
Take her to ride,
Take her to ride;
This is the way
I take her to ride,
So early in the morning.





PEEK-A-BOO, MOON

Peek-a-boo, moon, we'll see you soon ;

Behind a cloud you are.

Peek-a-boo, moon, we'll see you soon ;

Moon and a twinkling star.

DID YOU EVER ?

Did you ever see the daisies nod,

Daisies nod, daisies nod ;

Did you ever see the daisies nod,

On a summer morning ?

One little, two little,

Three little daisies ;

Four little, five little,

Six little daisies ;

Seven little, eight little,

Nine little daisies,

On a summer morning.



DID YOU EVER ?

Did you ever hear the birdies sing,

Birdies sing, birdies sing ;

Did you ever hear the birdies sing,

On a summer morning ?

One little, two little,

Three little birdies ;

Four little, five little,

Six little birdies ;

Seven little, eight little,

Nine little birdies,

On a summer morning.



DID YOU EVER ?

Did you ever go hippity hop,
Hippity hop, hippity hop;
Did you ever go hippity hop,
On a summer morning ?

One little, two little,
Three little hip-hops ;
Four little, five little,
Six little hip-hops ;
Seven little, eight little,
Nine little hip-hops,
On a summer morning.





O SINGING WIND!

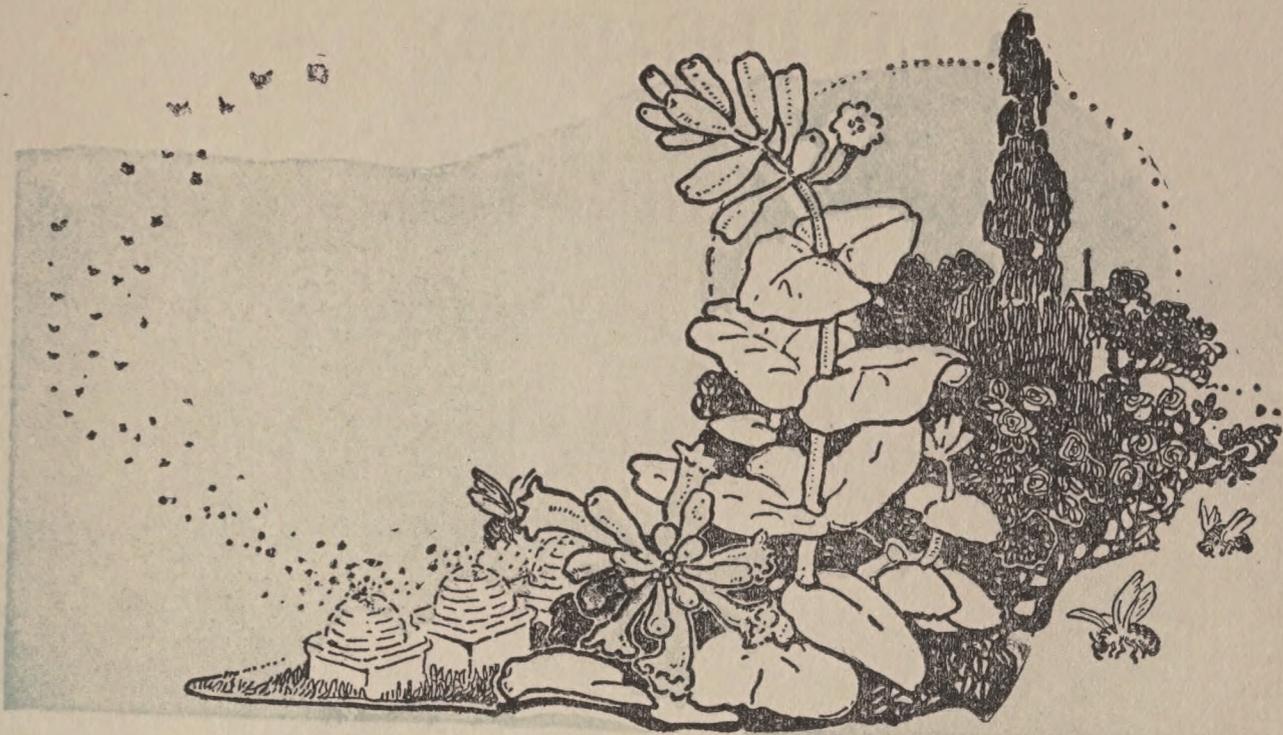
I have seen the daisies nod to you,
And bow down in the sod to you,

O singing wind!

Do they whisper, "Come and play,"
to you?

Please tell me what they say to you,

O singing wind!



BUSY

Busy was the little bird,
Busy was the bee;
Busy was the little brook,
Running to the sea.

“Tweet, tweet!” said the little bird.

“Buzz, buzz!” said the bee.

“Babble, bubble!” said the brook,
Running to the sea.

LITTLE BIRD

Little bird, little bird,
Swinging in the tree;
Little bird, little bird,
Sing a song to me.

Little bird, little bird,
Sing about the rain;
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
On the window-pane.

Little bird, little bird,
Sing about the sun;
Shining, shining,
When the rain is done.



A RAINBOW

Have you heard the raindrops patter,

Little one ?

Have you seen the raindrops falling

In the sun ?

Have you seen a rainbow shining

In the sky ?

Was it like a pretty ribbon

Hung on high ?

RHYMES OF THE MEADOW

Daisies dot the meadow sod,
And they nod and nod and ——.

The brook goes running to the sea,
And says, "A river I shall ——."

A pretty bird up in a tree
Sings and sings and sings to ——.

Have you seen eggs one, two, three,
In a gray nest in a ——?

One, two, three, and four, and five,
Bees are coming from the ——.

Two, three, four, and five, and then
Six, seven, eight, and nine, and ——.

RHYMES OF SUN AND RAIN

Do you like to hear the rain,
Falling on the window ——?

Have you seen rain, little one,
Falling, falling in the ——?

Have you seen a shining rainbow
In the sky?

Was it like a pretty ribbon
Hung on ——?

Do you like to see the sun
Shining when the rain is ——?

We hippity hop in the summer sun,
And we often sing, when the rain
is ——.

OVER IN THE MEADOW

Over in the meadow,

Where the brook runs blue;

The sheep says, "Baa!"

And the cow says, "Moo!"

Over in the meadow,

In a nest in the tree;

"Tweet, tweet, tweet!"

Say the birdies three.

Over in the meadow,

Sings the honeybee;

"Buzz, buzz, buzz!"

He sings to me.



THE GRANDPA CLOCK

Tick-tock, Grandpa Clock!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Dolly, do you see this clock ?

It is a Grandpa Clock.

It says, "Tick-tock," all day.

It says, "Tick-tock," all night.

Tick-tock, Grandpa Clock !

Tick-tock ! Tick-tock !

GRANDPA CLOCK

Grandpa Clock, out in the hall,

You are very, very tall ;

All the night and day you go

With a sound that's very slow.

Tick-tock ! Tick-tock !

And I love you, Grandpa Clock.

Tick-tock ! Tick-tock !



THE CUCKOO CLOCK
Tick-tock, Cuckoo Clock!
Tick-tock, tick-tock!

Dolly, do you see this clock?

It is a Cuckoo Clock.

It says, "Tick-tock," all day.

It says, "Tick-tock," all night.

Tick-tock, Cuckoo Clock!

Tick-tock, tick-tock!

CUCKOO CLOCK

Cuckoo Clock, up on the wall,

You are very, very small;

All the night and day you tick

With a sound that's very quick.

Tick-tock, tick-tock! Tick-tock, tick-tock!

And I love you, Cuckoo Clock!

Tick-tock, tick-tock!

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

The Lady Moon gathers the sky daisies.
She drops them into the meadows.
We see them there in the morning.



DAISIES

TEN LITTLE CHICKENS

One little, two little,
Three little chickens;
Four little, five little,
Six little chickens;
Seven little, eight little,
Nine little chickens;
Ten little chickens, oh!

There were ten little chickens,
All in a line;
One was lost,
And then there were nine.



WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Dear, dear!

What can the matter be?

A little chick is lost

Out under the apple tree.



WHAT THE MOTHER HEN SAID

Cluck, cluck!

Where is my little chick?

Cluck, cluck!

I must find it, quick!

WHAT THE ROOSTER SAID

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Whose chick are you?”

“I am little Betty’s chick.”

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!”



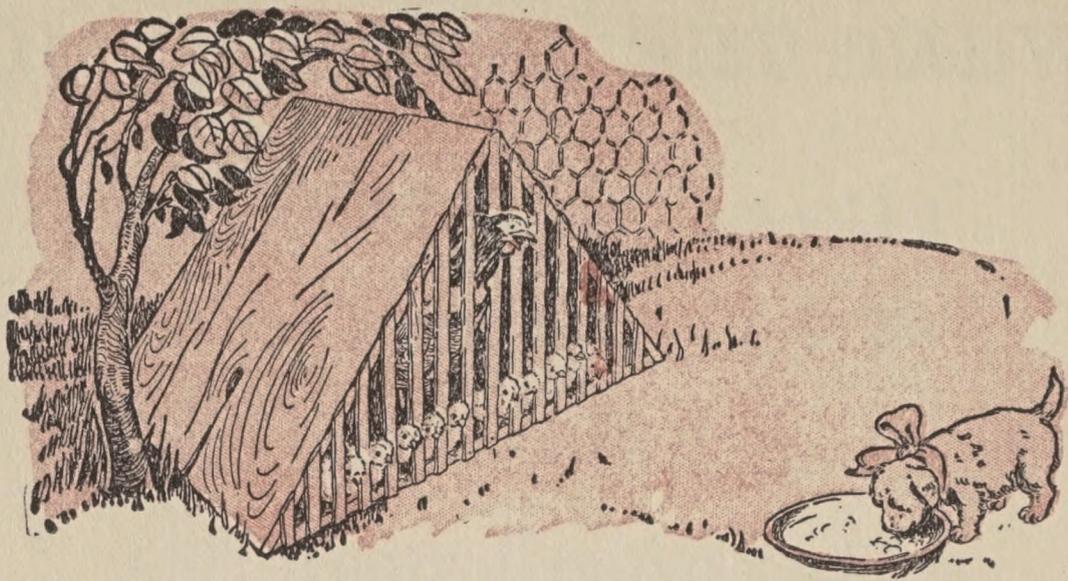
WHAT BETTY SAID

Where, oh, where, did my little chick go?

Where, oh, where, can it be?

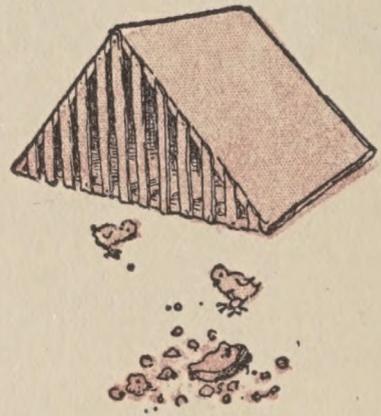
The mother hen loves it and I love it too;

Where, oh, where, can it be?

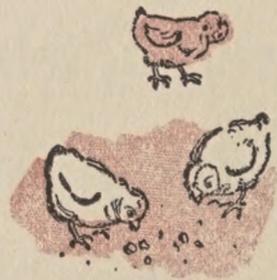


THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house
That Jack built.



These are the crumbs
That lay in the house that Jack built.



These are the chicks
That ate the crumbs
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the hen

That loved the chicks

That ate the crumbs

That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the girl

That fed the hen

That loved the chicks

That ate the crumbs

That lay in the house that Jack built.



THEY LOVED ONE ANOTHER

The ten white chicks,

The white chicks' mother,

And little Betty White,

They loved one another.



MARCHING

Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub!

Marching, here we come.

Harry blows the bugle;

Charlie beats the drum.

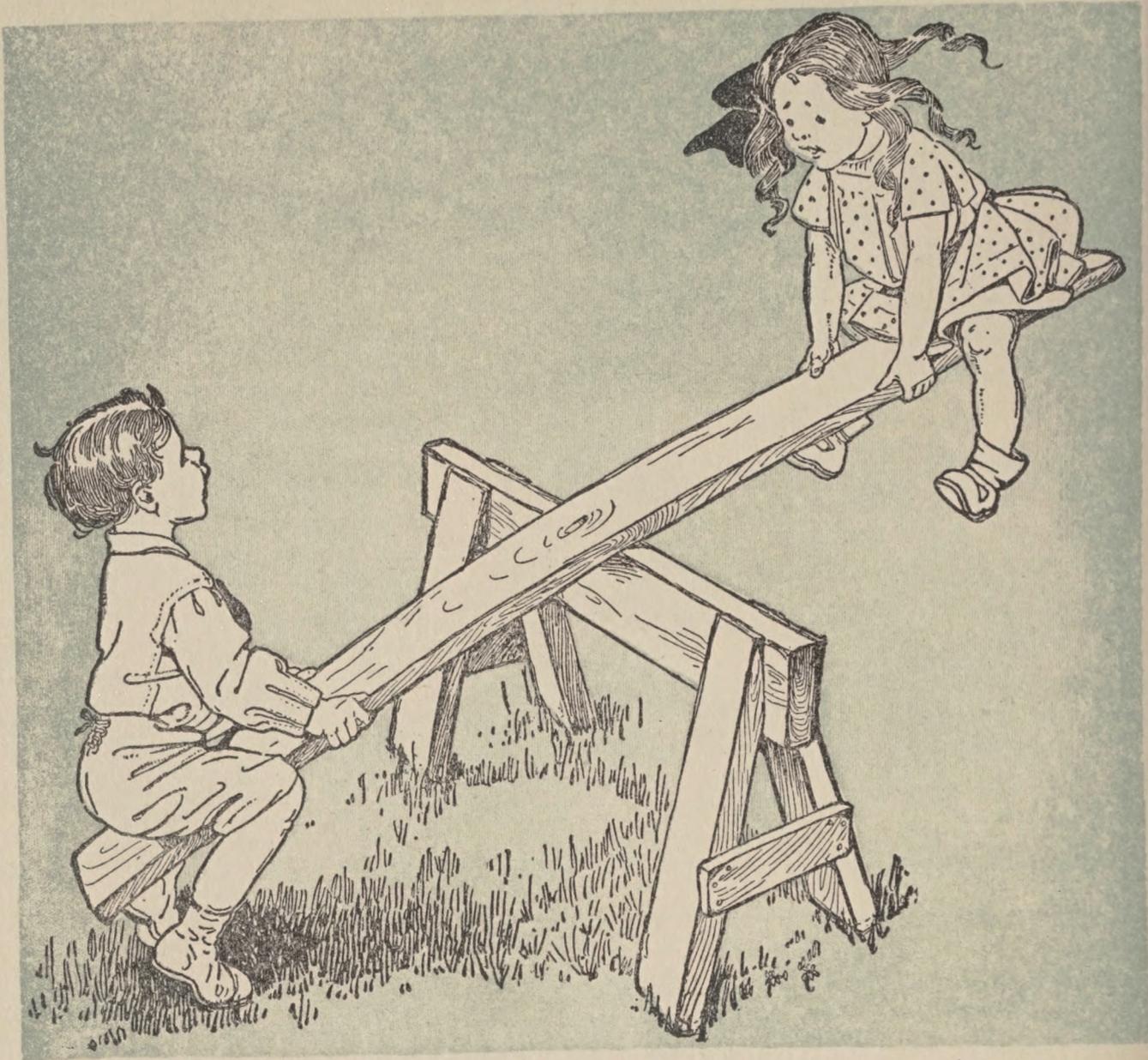
Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub!



THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



SEESAW

Seesaw! Up we go!

Up, up, and down!

Now we see the river;

Now we see the town.



TO THE BAKER'S SHOP

A hippity hippity hop! Heigh-ho!

Away to the baker's shop we go!

The baker makes buns;

They are two for a penny.

If you haven't the money,

You cannot get any.

A hippity hippity hop!



TO THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP

A hippity hippity hop! Heigh-ho!

Away to the blacksmith's shop we go!

If you have a pony

That's lost a shoe,

You can get her another

All shining and new.

A hippity hippity hop!



TO THE TAILOR'S SHOP

A hippity hippity hop! Heigh-ho!

Away to the tailor's shop we go!

The tailor says,

“What suit shall it be?”

“A blue sailor suit

Is the kind for me.”

A hippity hippity hop!



HARK! HARK!

Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark;
The circus is coming to town;
The elephant and the kangaroo,
The monkey and the clown.

HERE GOES THE TRAIN

Toot, toot! Toot, toot! Here goes
the train!

Come, sit here by the window-pane,
And see the pretty things that look
Like pictures in a picture book.

Look at the houses running by,
And see the trees that past us fly!
Now there are flowers and song birds, too.
And over there a brook runs blue.

Here is a meadow and there a hill,
And here is a river, and now a mill.
See the chickens with the mother hen!
And now come houses and trees again.
There's a station big and brown;
And here we are at Grandpa's town.

WHAT I LIKE

I like to see the birdies

Go flying to the tree.

I say, "Dear little birdies,

Please sing a song to me."

I like to see the blue brook

Go running to the sea.

I like to hear it singing

Its pleasant song to me.

I like to see in the evening

The stars shine in the sky;

And up, up over the houses

The big round moon go by.

I like to see the daisies

At night up in the sky.

I find them in the meadow;

They nod as I go by.

I like rain when the sun shines;

For I know that by and by

We'll see a pretty rainbow

Like a ribbon in the sky.

I like to hear the dogs bark,

When the circus comes to town;

For then I see the monkey,

The elephant, and the clown.

I like to hear the slow sound

Made by the Grandpa Clock ;

All night and day it is saying,

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock !

I like to go a-marching ;

As we go round and round,

I like to make the drum beat

And hear the bugle sound.

I like to play at seesaw ;

As I go up and down,

I see the hill and river,

And then I see the town.

THE RED FIRE

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers;
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

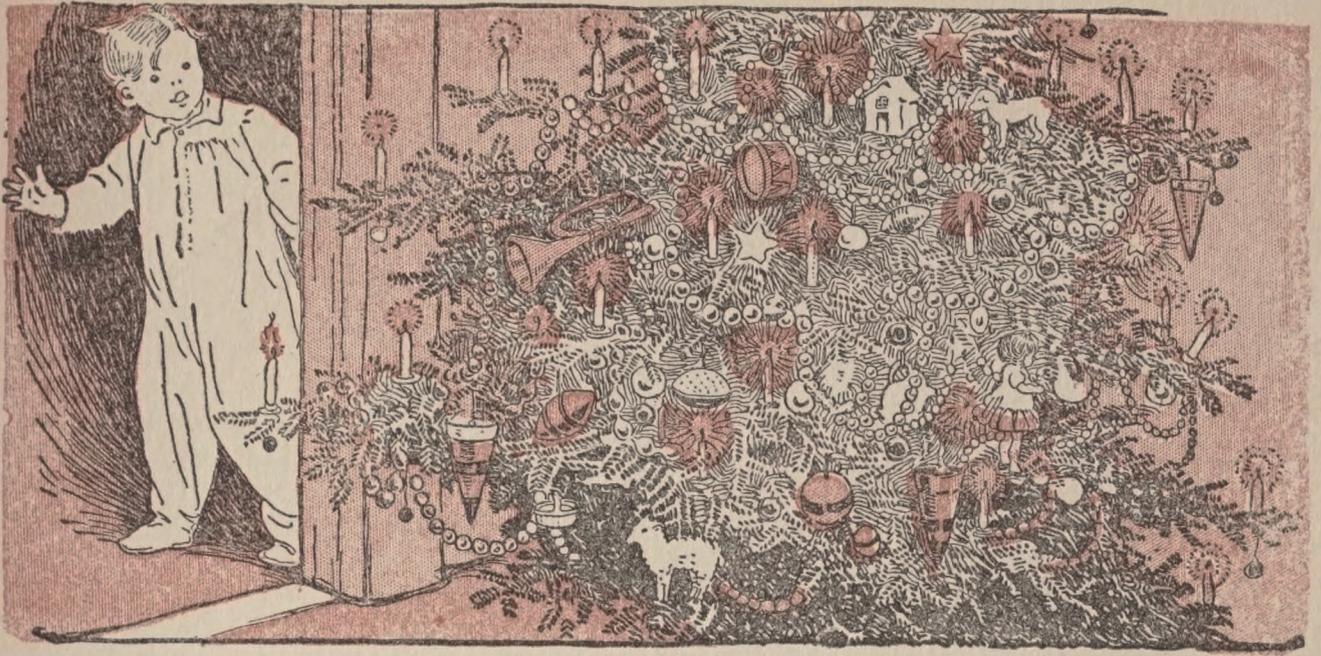
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





THE WHITE SNOW

The leaves have been falling, falling.
The birds have gone away.
Gone, too, are the flowers of summer.
The white snow came to-day.



A CHRISTMAS DREAM

A little boy was dreaming,

Up in his little bed;

He dreamed he saw a Christmas tree,

Shining from foot to head.

So when his dream was over,

What did that little boy do?

He went and looked in at the door

And found his dream was true.



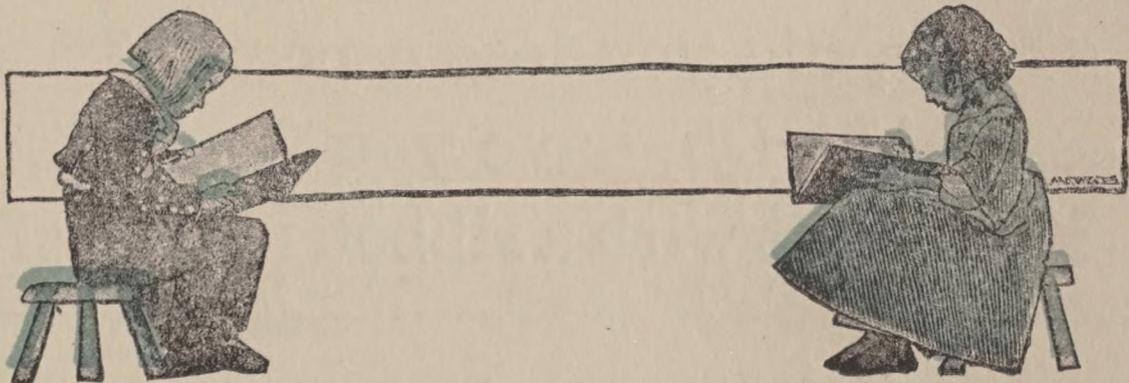
ROCK, MY BABY

OLD TALES

My Grandpa says that long ago,
Before he was a man,
His Grandma told my tales to him
As only grandmas can.

And long before he was a boy,
In lands across the sea,
The boys and girls were told the tales
That now he tells to me.

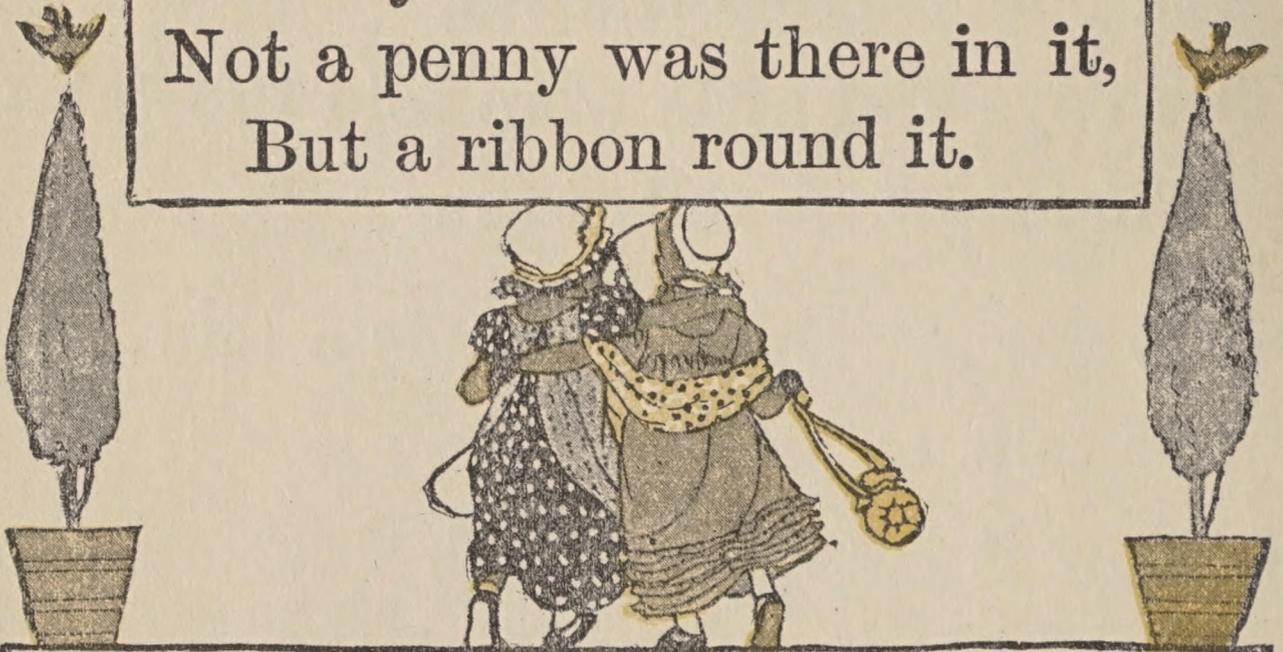
So when my Grandpa reads a tale
Or tells a tale to me,
I know it is as old, as old,
As old as it can be.





LUCY LOCKET

Lucy Locket lost a pocket.
Kitty Fisher found it.
Not a penny was there in it,
But a ribbon round it.



Kitty said to Lucy Locket,
“Lucy, did you lose a pocket?”
Lucy said, “Oh, have you found it,
My pocket with a ribbon round it?”



LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet

Sat on a tuffet

Eating of curds and whey ;

There came a black spider,

And sat down beside her,

And frightened Miss Muffet away.

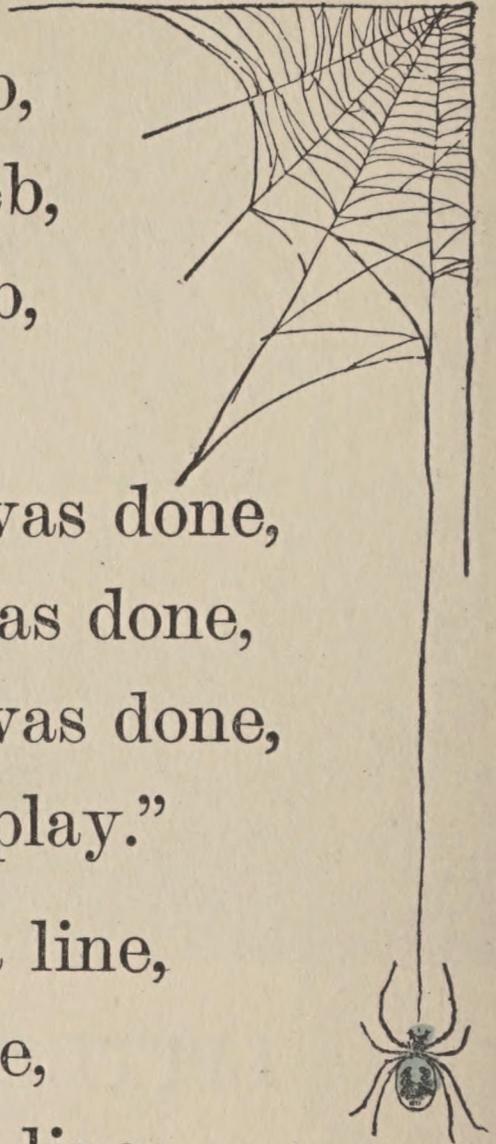
A SPIDER WEB

Once a spider spun a web,
Spun a web, spun a web,
Once a spider spun a web,
On a summer day.

When the spider's web was done,
Web was done, web was done,
When the spider's web was done,
The spider said, "I'll play."

And so the spider spun a line,
Spun a line, spun a line,
And so the spider spun a line,
To take a swing, they say.

And then, I've heard, a little girl,
A little girl, a little girl,
And then, I've heard, a little girl
Had no curds and whey.



LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner

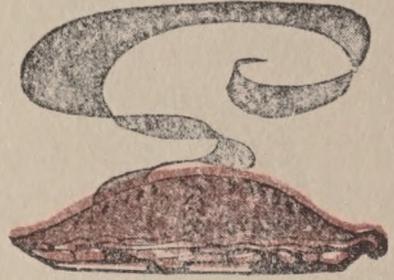
Sat in a corner

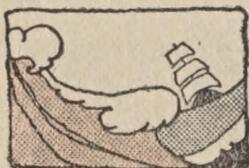
Eating a Christmas pie;

He put in his thumb

And took out a plum,

And said, "What a big boy am I!"





BOBBY SHAFTO



Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee;
In other lands strange things he'll see—
Pretty Bobby Shafto!





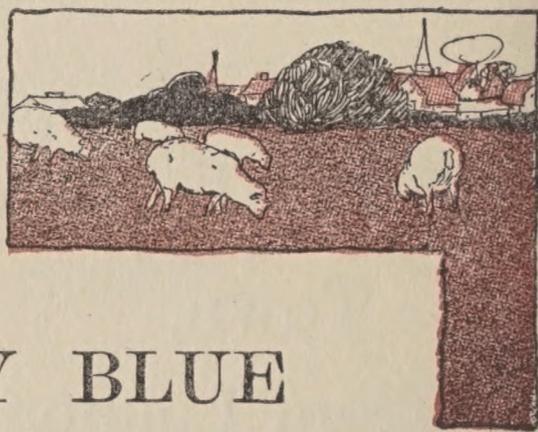
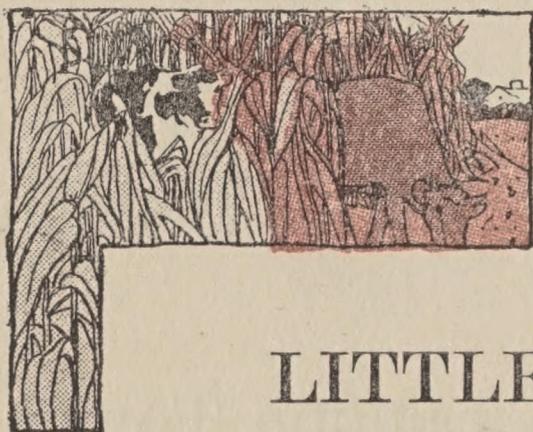
TO LONDON TOWN

One foot up and the other foot down,
That is the way to London Town,

To London Town, London Town;
One foot up and the other foot down,
That is the way to London Town.

One foot up and the other foot down,
That's the way home from London
Town,

From London Town, London Town;
One foot up and the other foot down,
That's the way home from London
Town.



LITTLE BOY BLUE

Once there was a little boy.

He was Little Boy Blue.

Little Boy Blue was a shepherd boy.

He watched the cows and the sheep
in the field.

One day Little Boy Blue went to sleep
under a haycock.

By and by there came a little bird.

He came to sing in the apple tree.

He saw the sheep in the meadow.

He saw the cows in the corn.



He saw Little Boy Blue asleep
under the haycock.

The little bird sang very softly.

He sang very, very softly, oh, so softly.

He sang, "I must not wake Boy Blue;
he is asleep under the haycock."

By and by there came a second little
bird.

He came to sing in the apple tree.

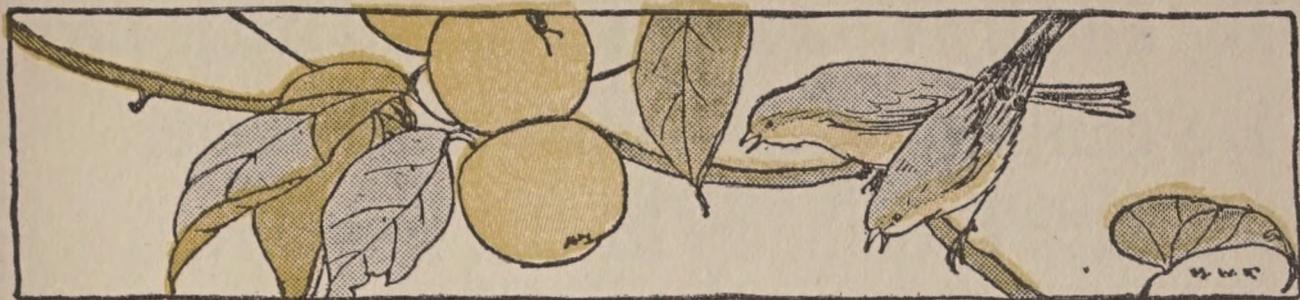
He saw the sheep in the meadow.

He saw the cows in the corn.

He saw Little Boy Blue asleep
under the haycock.

He saw the first little bird singing
in the apple tree.

The second little bird sang to the first
little bird.



Then the first little bird sang
to the second little bird.

They sang very softly.

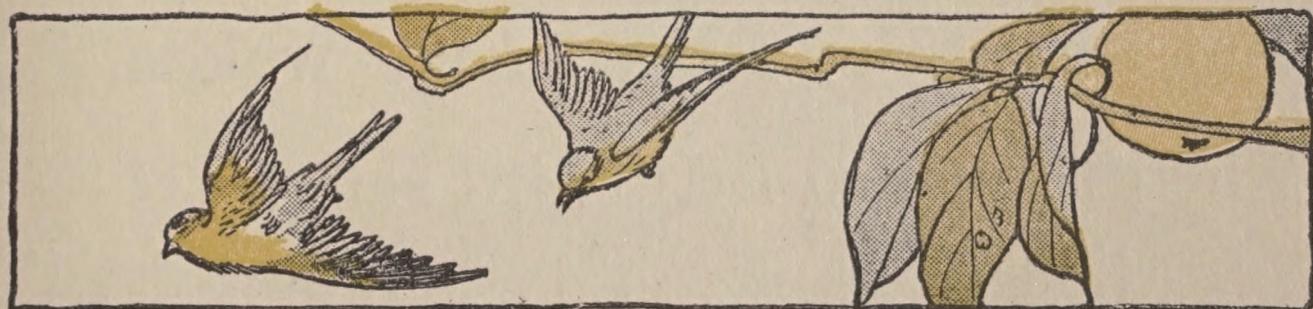
SECOND BIRD: Where is the little boy
that looks after the sheep?

FIRST BIRD: He is under the hay-
cock fast asleep.

SECOND BIRD: Will you wake him?

FIRST BIRD: No, not I; for, if I did,
he would be sure to cry.

Then the two little birds flew away.



By and by there came a third little bird.
He came to sing in the apple tree.
He saw the sheep in the meadow.
He saw the cows in the corn.
He saw Little Boy Blue asleep
under the haycock.

Then the third little bird sang.
He sang to Little Boy Blue,

“Little Boy Blue,
Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn!”

Louder and louder he sang,

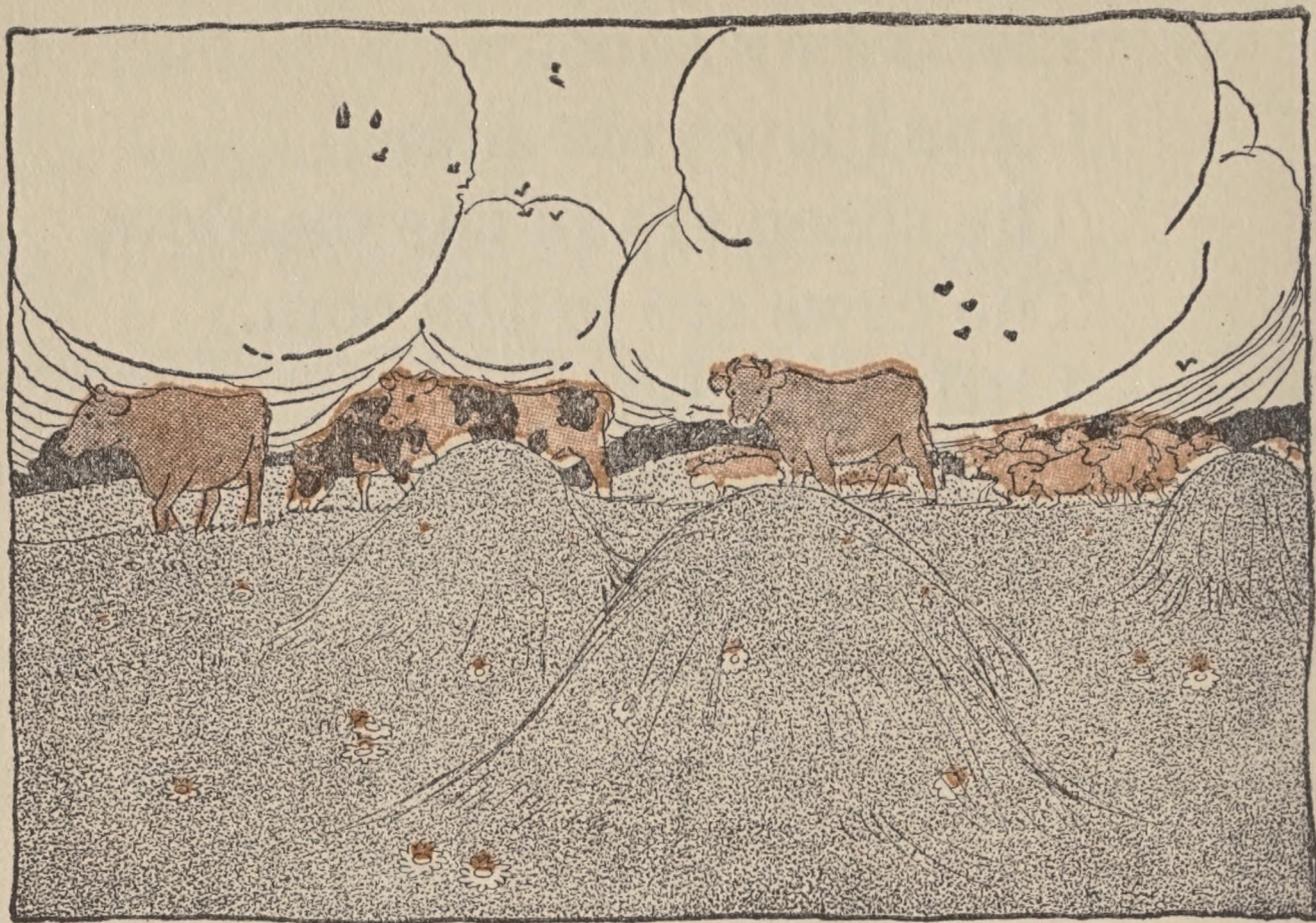
“Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,
Come blow your horn!”

But Little Boy Blue did not waken.

Then the third little bird sang,
just as loud as he could sing,

“Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn;
The sheep are in the meadow,
The cows are in the corn.
Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,
Come blow your horn!”





Up jumped Little Boy Blue.

How he did blow his horn!

The sheep came back to the field.

The cows came back, too.

Then Little Boy Blue heard a bird
singing.

He looked up in the apple tree.

He saw a little bluebird singing.

The little bluebird sang,

“I’m a little bird blue.
I have no horn;
But I brought the sheep
from the meadow,
And the cows from the corn.
For I wakened the boy
Who looks after the sheep;
He was under the haycock
fast asleep.”

“You are a good little shepherd bird,”
said Little Boy Blue.



MAGNOL WRIGHT ENRIGHT



EARLY EVERY MORNING.

Early every morning

A birdie sings to me,

“Get up! Get up! Up, up!”

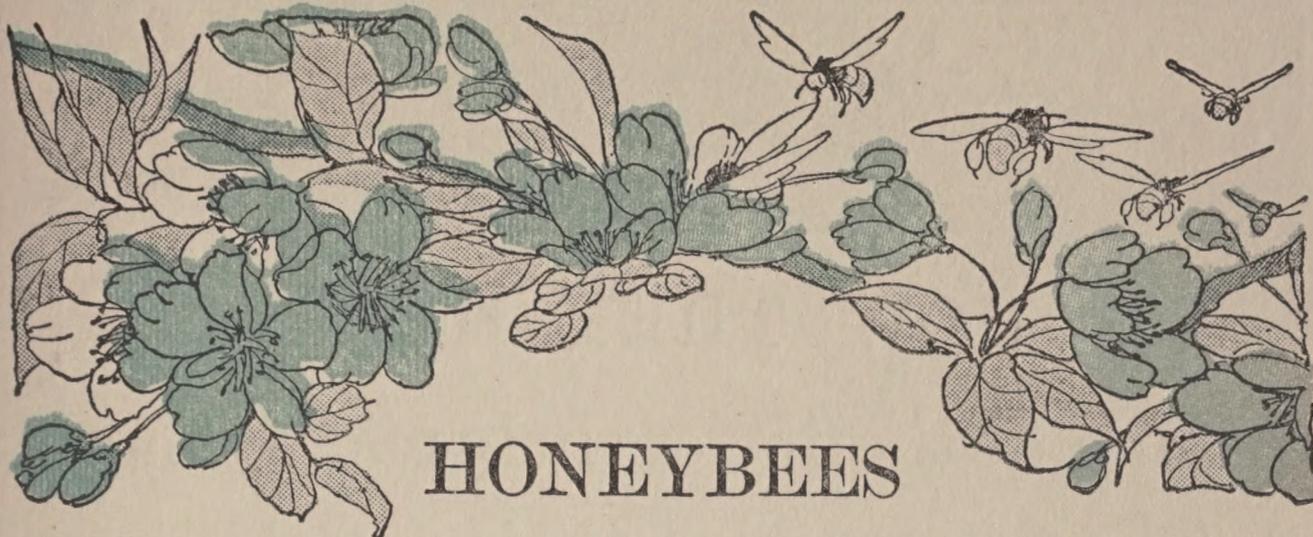
As plain as plain can be.

Swinging in the blossoms

He makes the blossoms snow,

Singing, “Up! Get up! Up, up!”

O sleepy head, you’re slow!”



HONEYBEES

Once there came some honeybees

Buzzing from the apple trees:

“Hum! Hum-m!”

They said, “The summer sweets we’ll
take,

And of the sweets we’ll honey make!

Hum! Hum-m!”

The flowers that in the garden grew

Said, “Our sweets were made for you.”

And the bees, one, two, three, four, five,

Made the honey in the hive.

“Hum! Hum-m!”



HOW THEY HELP

1. How do the flowers help make honey ?

2. The flowers give their sweets,
And the bees make the honey.

1. How does the rain help make honey ?

2. The rain falls on the flowers,
The flowers give their sweets,
And the bees make the honey.

1. How does the sun help make honey ?

2. The sun shines on the flowers,
The flowers give their sweets,
And the bees make the honey.

They hum and make the honey —
the sweet, sweet honey.



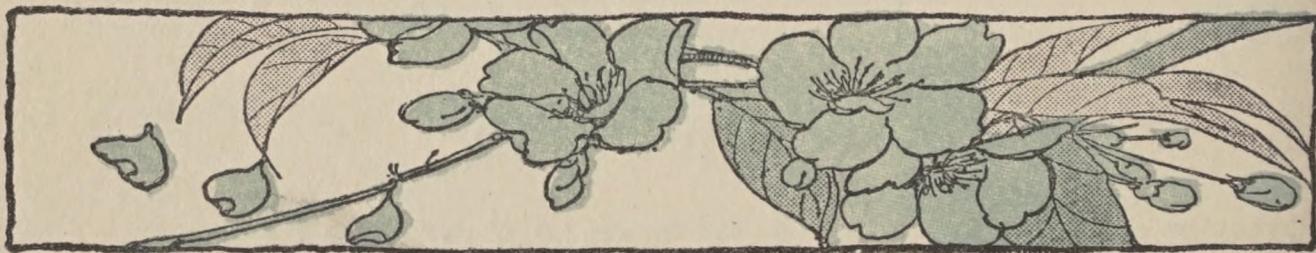
SONGS IN THE APPLE TREE

O birdie in the apple tree,
Dear birdie, sing a song to me!
You have a nest and four eggs too,
Up where the wind is singing, "Oo-oo!"
You sing songs to the mother bird,
The sweetest songs I ever heard.
O birdie in the apple tree,
Dear birdie, sing a song to me!

O bees, that love the apple tree,
Dear bees, please sing a song to me!
You humming go the whole day long;
For while you fly, you hum a song;
And while you're busy, pretty bees,
You hum songs in the apple trees.

O wind up in the apple tree,
Dear wind, please sing a song to me!
I've heard it's you that tell the bees
When blossoms come to the apple trees.
You make the blossoms fall like snow;
Across the sod I see them go.

O wind, bee, birdie, sing to me!
For I love the songs of the apple tree.



THE LITTLE RED HEN

A little red hen was looking
for something to eat.

She found some grains of wheat.

She said,

“Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!

These grains I’ll sow.

The sun will shine,

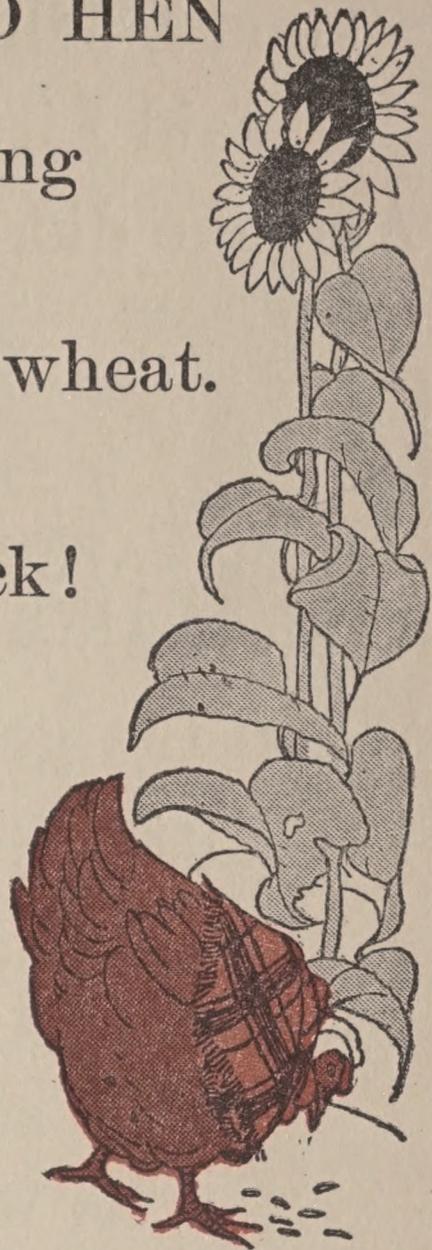
The wind will blow;

And many days

Of sun and rain

Will make each one

A head of grain.



“Who will help me sow the wheat?”

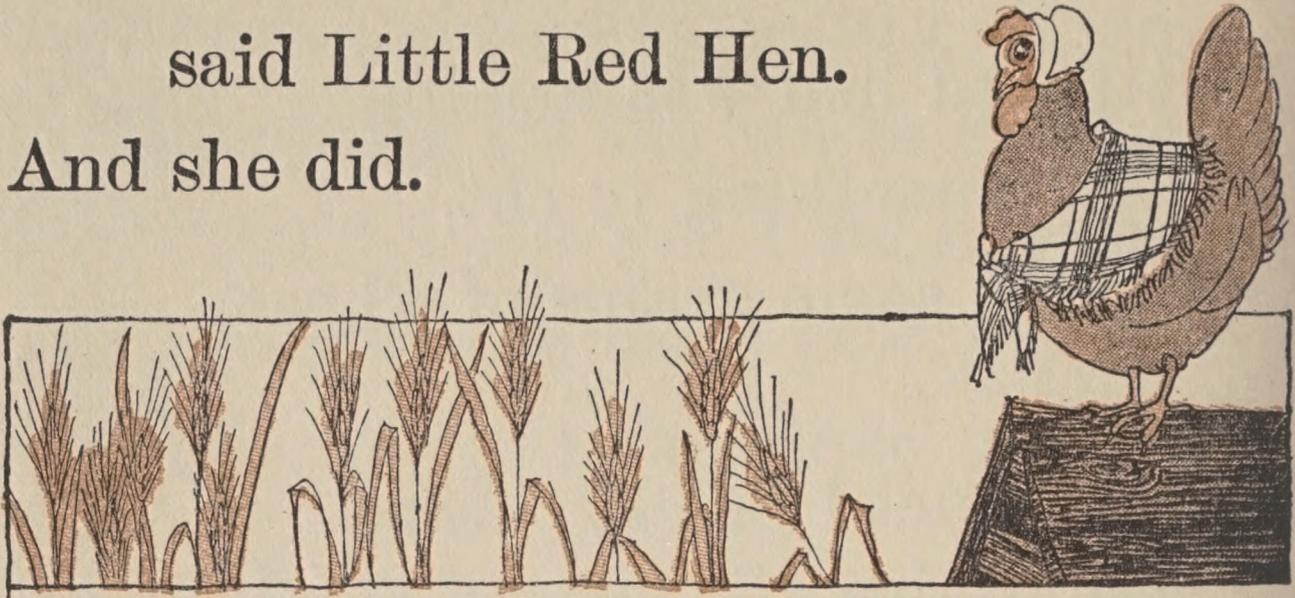
asked Little Red Hen.

“Not I,” said the duck.

“Not I,” said the mouse.

“Not I,” said the pig.

“Then I will sow it myself,”
said Little Red Hen.
And she did.



When the grain was ready to reap,
Little Red Hen said,
“Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
If grains you sow,
The sun will shine,
The wind will blow.
And many days
Of sun and rain
Will make each one
A head of grain.

Who will help me reap the grain?”
asked Little Red Hen.

“Not I,” said the duck.

“Not I,” said the mouse.

“Not I,” said the pig.

“Then I will reap it myself,”
said Little Red Hen.

And she did.



When the wheat was reaped,
Little Red Hen said,

“The windmill’s arms
Go round and round,
And so the grain
To flour is ground;
Now I must take
The wheat to mill,
Across the field
And up the hill.

Who will help me take the grain
to the mill?" asked Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Not I," said the pig.

"Then I will take it
to the mill myself,"
said Little Red Hen.

And she did.

When the wheat was ground,
Little Red Hen said,

"I'm ready now
The bread to bake,
And I will make
A big round cake.
I sowed and reaped
And ground the wheat;
Now I'll have bread
And cake to eat.



Who will help me eat the bread
and cake?" asked Little Red Hen.

"I," said the duck.

"I," said the mouse.

"I," said the pig.

"No, I will do it myself,"
said Little Red Hen.

And she did.



WHAT LITTLE RED HEN SAID

"I have found some grains of wheat."

"I will sow the wheat myself."

"I will reap the wheat myself."

"I will take the wheat to mill myself."

“I will bake the bread and cake myself.”

“I will eat the bread and cake myself.”

And she did.

WHAT THE OTHERS SAID

DUCK: I wish I had helped.

MOUSE: I wish I had helped.

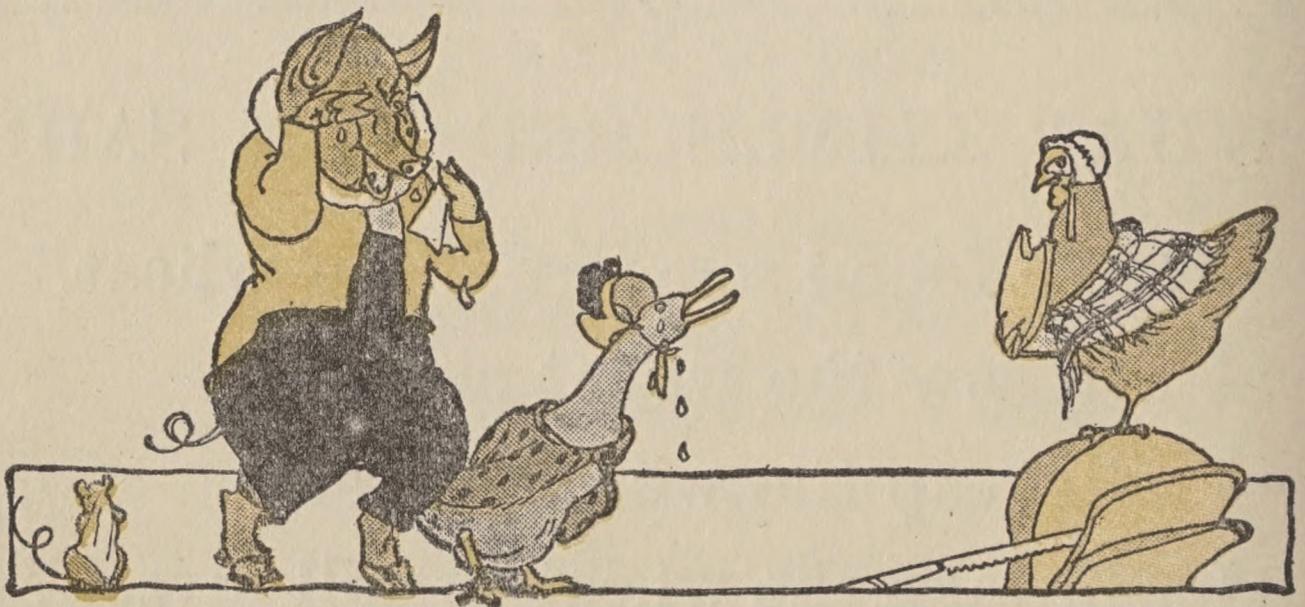
PIG: I wish I had helped.

DUCK: I wish I had some cake.

MOUSE: I wish I had some cake.

PIG: I wish I had some cake.

ALL: Oh! Oh! O-oh!



THE COCK

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

It is the farmer's cock
you hear.

This is the cock
that crows in the morn.

He calls the farmer.

Up gets the farmer, and out he goes
to feed the horses and cattle.

Then he will sow the wheat.





THE FARMER



The farmer is sowing the wheat.

Shine, sun, shine brightly!

Help the farmer's wheat to grow.

Come, wind, and bring the rain!

Fall, rain, fall softly!

Help the farmer's wheat to grow.

Many days of sun and rain

will bring the farmer golden grain.



THE WHEAT FIELD



This is the farmer's wheat field.

The sun shone brightly.

The rain fell softly.

The wheat grew tall and golden.

Now the wheat is ready to reap.

See, the wind bows down the golden
grain.

The farmer will reap the wheat and
take it to the mill.

THE MILL

This is the mill.

See its big arms!

Round and round they go
when the breezes blow.

Hear them go—flip-flap,
flip-flap!

The miller is at the door.

“Heigh ho!” he calls, “have
you wheat to be ground?”

Well, the baker shall have flour to-day.

For the breezes blow,
and the mill arms go,

And the old mill likes to work,
heigh ho!”





THE BAKER

This is the baker.
He is baking bread.
See the brown loaves
ready to sell!



See the buns and the pies
and the cakes!
How good they look!
The baker will put some of them
into the window.
And some he will put into the cart.



THE BAKER'S CART

This is the baker's cart.

And here is the baker's boy.

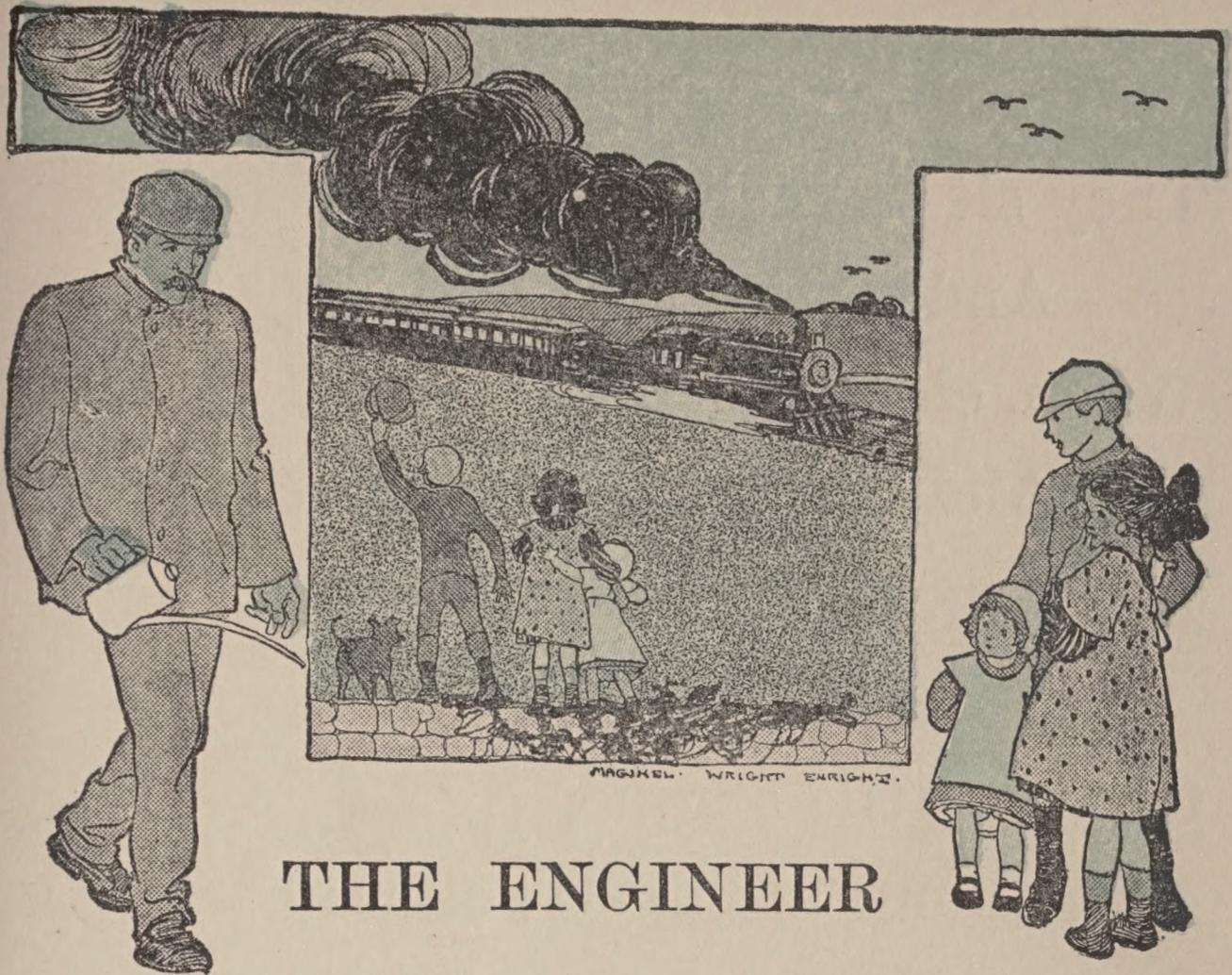
Early every morning he rides
from door to door.

“Good morning,” he says, “do you need
any bread to-day?”

I have fresh rolls, too, and good
fresh buns.

The apple pies are good. Will you
take one?

Thank you. And what else will you
have to-day?”



THE ENGINEER

He runs the big engine,
That pulls a long train
Forty miles an hour,
Over hill and plain.
Toot, toot! goes the whistle;
The bell goes ding-dong!
Look out for the train
As it rushes along!

THE FIREMEN

They sit at their ease,
And stories they tell,
When, clang! the alarm goes,
And hark! there's the bell.

Down drops the harness!
The fire horses jump;
Out goes the engine,
Clump, clumpety, clump!

On spring the firemen!
"Watch out!" says the gong.
Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!
As they hurry along.

A building is burning;
But soon there's a spout
Of fast flowing water,
That puts the fire out.



FERRY ME ACROSS THE WATER

GIRL: Ferry me across the water,

Do, boatman, do.

BOATMAN: If you've a penny in your

purse,

I'll ferry you.

GIRL: I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue;
So ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do.

BOATMAN: Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue;
And for the penny in your purse,
I'll ferry you.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



A DIAMOND OR A COAL?

A diamond or a coal?

A diamond, if you please;
Who cares about a clumsy coal
Beneath the summer trees?

A diamond or a coal?

A coal, sir, if you please;
One comes to care about the coal
What time the waters freeze.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

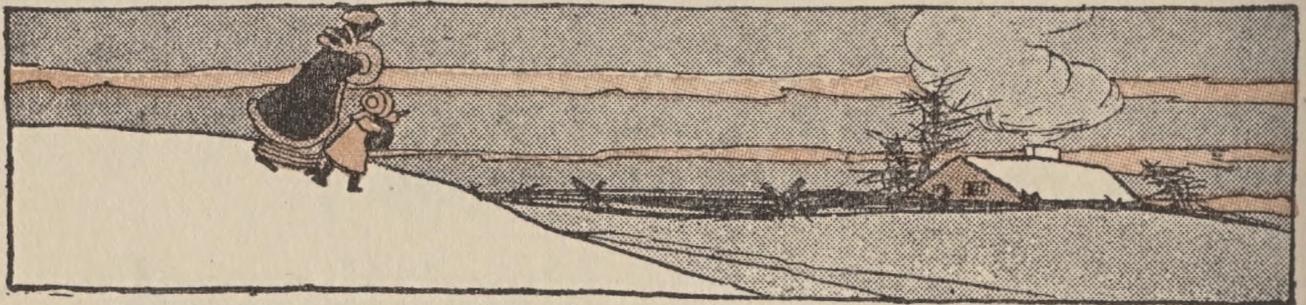
A DIAMOND, IF YOU PLEASE

1. Will you have a diamond or a coal?
2. The sky is blue, and the birds sing.
What care I for a clumsy coal?
I'll have a diamond, sir, if you please.

A COAL, IF YOU PLEASE

1. Will you have a diamond or a coal?
2. I'll have a coal, sir, if you please.

One comes to care about the coal
when the waters freeze.



IN WINTER

When the birds have gone
From the summer trees,
When the winds blow cold
And the waters freeze,
Hurrah for the fires
Of the winter days,
And hurrah for the coal
That makes the blaze!



AFTER TEA

When the open fire is bright
In the evening after tea,
Then I like to come and sit
Where the fire can talk to me.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

BY THE FIRE

Do you like to sit by the fire after tea?

Do you like to watch the smoke
from the fire?

Where does it go?

It goes up and up and up.

It drifts away.

Away over the houses!

Away over the tree-tops!

Away, away, away!

The fire tells beautiful stories.

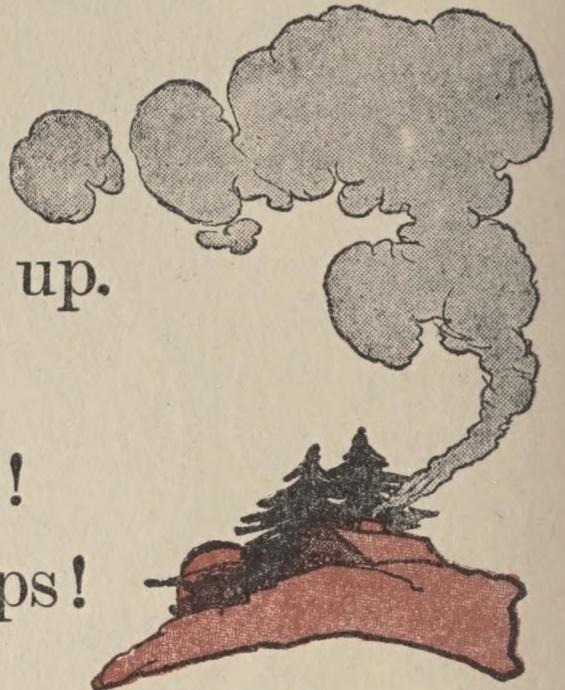
Do you ever listen to these stories?

The fire makes beautiful pictures.

Do you ever see these pictures?

Does the fire make you think
of the forest?

The fire log grew in a forest far away.





THE FOREST

I

Once there was a beautiful forest.

Many trees grew in it.

They grew straight and tall, and had
leafy crowns.

Birds built their nests in the branches.
Soon there were pretty eggs in the nests.
Then there were little birds.

The little birds grew to be big birds.

Then came the winter,
and they flew away.



II

But there were many more spring-
times.

There were new nests.

There were new eggs.

Then came little birds.

The little birds grew to be big birds,
and flew away.



So it was again and again, as springs,
summers, autumns, and winters
went by.

Can you think of the trees standing
straight and tall?

Then you will think of wind songs
and bird songs.

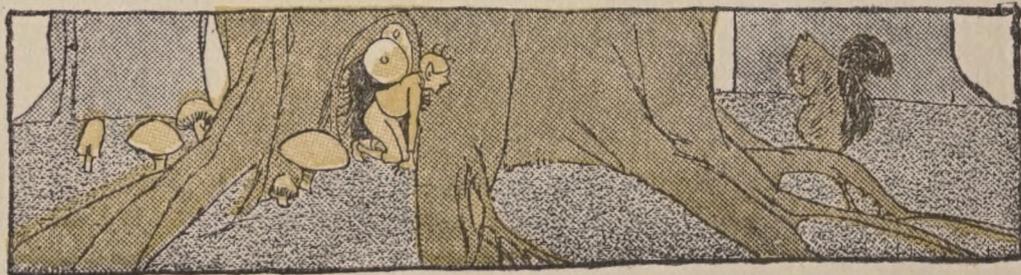
You will think of the green leaves
of summer, making leafy roof tops.

You will think of the bright leaves
of autumn, drifting, drifting down.

You will think of the white snows
of winter, softly, softly falling.

You will think of the deep roots
that help the trees stand
straight and tall.

And you will think of the green moss
over the deep roots.





THE WOODMEN

I

Two woodmen made their homes
in the forest.

They cut down the tall trees.

They cut off the boughs.

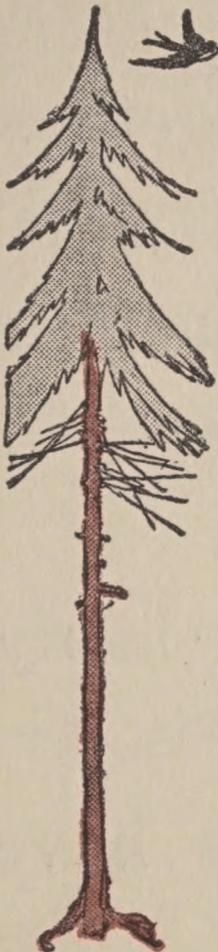
So they had logs with which to build
their houses.

The woodmen rose before the light.
 All day their axes could be heard
 in the forest.

The mothers in the houses sang
 at their work.

They sang the woodman's song.

WOODMAN'S SONG



Swing the ax, woodman!
 High each leafy crown;
 Underneath the mosses
 Deep the roots go down.
 Swing the ax, woodman,
 Swing! Swing!
 Through the deep forest,
 Let it ring and ring.
 Swing the ax, woodman!
 Swing! Swing!



The children sang, too.

They liked to play they were woodmen.

They played they had axes.

They would swing the axes as they sang.

They would swing and sing, and swing
and sing.

III

One day the two woodmen sat down
to rest.

They sat on a log and talked together.

FIRST WOODMAN: What a big log this is!

SECOND WOODMAN: Yes, this was once
a tall tree.

It grew very straight, too.

FIRST WOODMAN: It has had many
nests in its branches.

SECOND WOODMAN: The birds have
now all left the nests.

They are singing far away.

FIRST WOODMAN: Where do you think this log will go?

SECOND WOODMAN: It will go down the river when spring comes.

FIRST WOODMAN: Yes, I know. It will go to the mill.

But where will it go after that?

SECOND WOODMAN: It may help build a house.

FIRST WOODMAN: It may help build a ship.

SECOND WOODMAN: It may make a baby's cradle.

FIRST WOODMAN: It may make a fire.

SECOND WOODMAN: Yes, it may.

Children may gather round it in the long winter evenings.

FIRST WOODMAN: It will help some
one.

SECOND WOODMAN: Yes, I am sure
it will.

IV

Shall I tell you about the log that was
once a tall, straight tree?

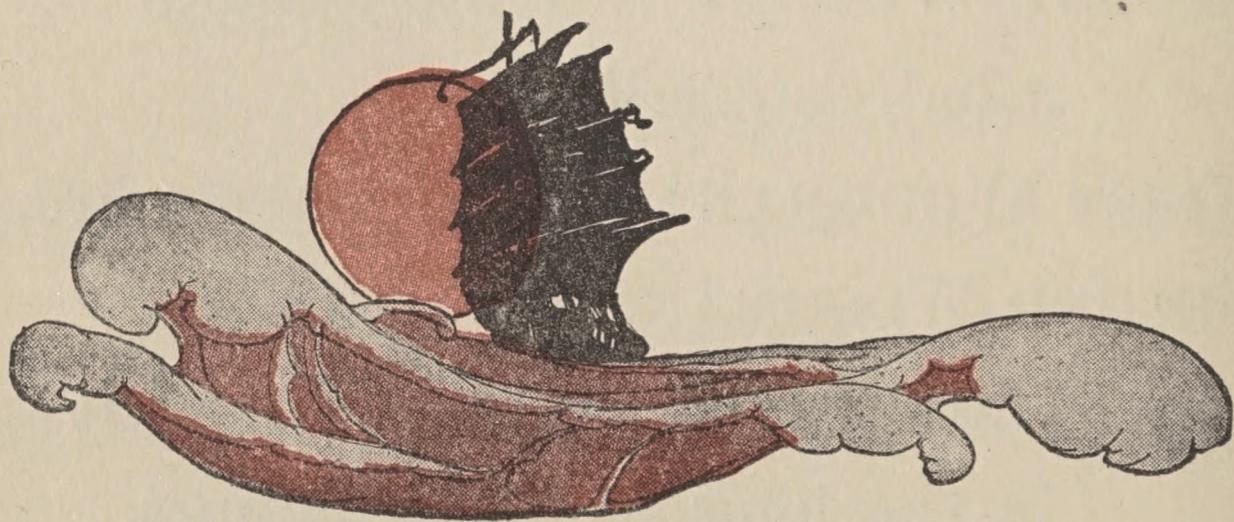
It did not help build a house.

It did not make a baby's cradle.

It did not make a bright fire.

It helped to make a fine, large ship.

The ship goes sailing over the sea.





WHAT SEASON IS IT?

When the brook begins to go
Rushing to the sea;

When the birds begin to sing,
And leaves bud on the tree —

What season is it?

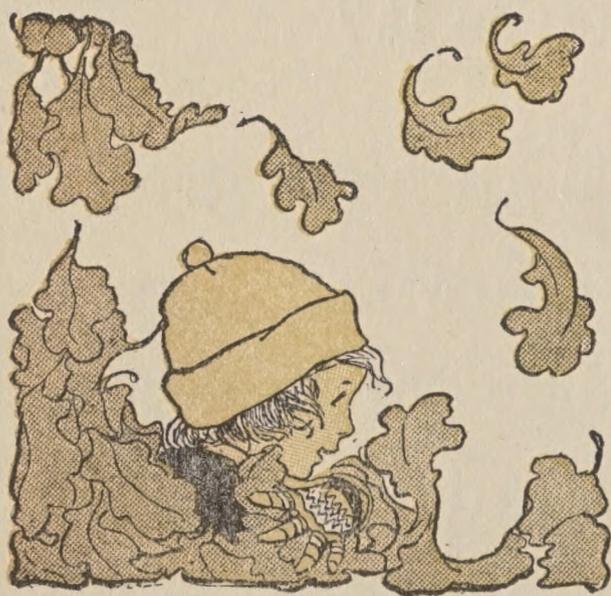
When the leaf buds all have grown
To make a leafy crown,

And leafy trees beside the brook
On leafy trees look down —

What season is it?

When the leaves of red and gold
Go drifting from a tree,
And fall into the water blue
And sail away to sea —
What season is it?

When the brook no longer can
Go singing to the sea,
And no bird sings about its eggs,
In any forest tree —
What season is it?



TURN OVER

A-riddle, a-riddle, a-riddle-ma-re!

There's a riddle about a forest tree,

And another about a honeybee —

Turn the page over.

A-riddle, a-riddle, a-riddle-ma-ra!

There's a riddle about the close of day;

And what you will think,

can any one say?

Turn the page over.

A-riddle, a-riddle, a-riddle-ma-ro!

There's a riddle about a shining bow.

You will find two pages of riddles,

and so —

Turn the page over.

RIDDLES

What stands up straight
With a leafy crown,
While under the moss
Its roots go down?

What singing goes
Through a leafy tree,
Besides a bird
And a humming bee?

What is as busy
As busy can be,
That there may be honey
For you and for me?

What comes in the sky
On a springtime day,
When the rain and the sun
Together play?

MORE RIDDLES

Who works all day,
While the forest rings,
As his shining ax
He swings and swings?

And what has arms
That turning go,
Whenever the merry
Breezes blow?

What rock and dip
As they sailing go,
O'er the deep blue sea,
When the breezes blow?

And can you tell
What goes to rest,
When the sun drowns into
The golden west?

WHEN THE SUN DROWSES INTO THE WEST

When the sun drowzes into the west,
the little birds go to rest.

They flutter into their nests.

The wind rocks the nests,
and the birds rest all night long.

When the sun drowzes into the west,
the bees go to rest.

All day they make honey.

At night they rest in the hive.

When the sun drowzes into the west,
the lambs go to rest.

All day they play in the meadows.

At night they rest
beside the mother sheep.

When the sun drowns into the west,
the flowers go to rest.
They drop their heads,
and rest all night long.

I KNOW

Who taught the first little girl how
to rest ?

I know, I know !

The good little birds flutter back
to the nest,

And each pretty flower-bud knows
it is best

To sleep when the sun drowns
into the west ;

They taught her to rest,

I know.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

LULLABIES

Mothers sing their babies to rest, when
the sun drowzes into the west.

Each baby puts its head
upon its mother's breast.

Then the baby's mother sings a lullaby.
While the day grows dark and still,
she sings a lullaby.

Some mothers sing,

“Rock-a-bye, Baby,
Upon the tree-top;
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall;
And down will come Baby
And cradle and all;
And down will come Baby
And cradle and all.”



The shepherd watches his sheep.

In the shepherd's home, the mother
sings to the baby.

She sings to him about his father.

She sings:

“Sleep, Baby, sleep!

Thy father is watching the sheep!

Thy mother is shaking the dreamland
tree,

And down drops a little dream on thee.

Sleep, Baby, sleep!”

The sailor is far out on the wide sea.
His ship is sailing home.
It is sailing, sailing home.
The sailor is coming home to his baby.
The silver moon is shining.
It shines on the silver sea.
The wind sings to the baby.
It sings, "Sleep and rest, sleep and rest."
The sea sings to the baby.
It sings,

 "Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon."

The mother sings to the baby.

She sings :

 "Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon."



SLEEP AND REST

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon ;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon ;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

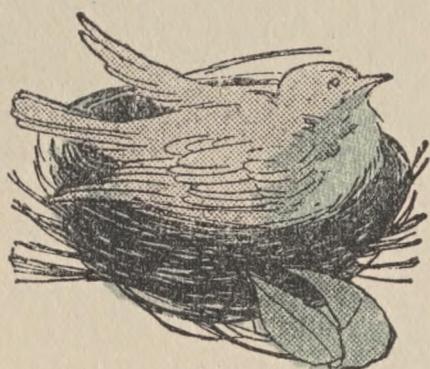
Under the silver moon ;

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

A NEST IN THE APPLE TREE

This is a nest
In an apple tree ;
One, two, three, four
Blue eggs you see.



The mother bird sits
On the nest all day ;
And her wings are over
The nest, this way.

The father bird sings
By the nest in the tree,
“ We are happy, oh, happy,
As happy can be ! ”



The small birds come ;
They grow ; and one day,
They fly and they fly,
Away, far away.

HEY, SAILOR! HO, SAILOR!

LAD: Hey, sailor! Ho, sailor!
What did you bring to me?

SAILOR: I brought you a little sea-
horse, lad,
From far across the sea.

LAD: Hey, sailor! Ho, sailor!
Does the little horse trot or
swim?

SAILOR: Oh, he swims just like a fish,
lad—
In the sea I captured him.

LAD: Hey, sailor! Ho, sailor!
Will you take me across the
main?

SAILOR: Oh, yes, when you are grown,
lad—
Across and back again.

THE SEASONS

The seasons are spring, summer,
autumn, and winter.

When leaves begin to grow, it is ——.

When the trees have leafy green crowns,
it is ——.

When the trees have leaves of red
and gold, it is ——.

When there are no leaves on the trees,
it is ——.

When there are pretty eggs in the nests,
it is ——.

When there are no eggs and no little
birds in the nest, it is ——.

When the brook begins to run
to the sea, it is ——.

When the brook cannot run, it is ——.

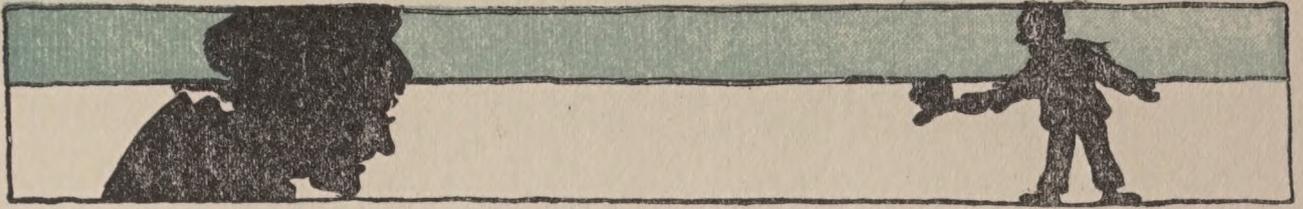
THE TOILERS

1. What we will do when we grow up,
Not one of us can say;
But let us tell
What we'd like well
To do when we're grown, some day.
2. I will be a drummer,
A drummer I will be.
A-rub-a-dum-dum
I'll beat the drum,
And the soldiers will march with me!
3. I will be a shepherd,
If I may have my will;
I'll watch the sheep,
While the bright stars peep,
And the night is cold and still.

4. I will be a sailor,
For I love the deep blue sea;
I love the white sails
And the tropical gales—
Yes, a sailor I will be.

5. I will be a woodman
In a forest far away;
My ax I'll swing,
It shall ring and ring,
When I am grown some day.

1. I like all the toilers
On the land and on the sea.
I like them all well;
Oh, how can I tell
Which toiler I will be?



THE GINGERBREAD BOY

Once upon a time there were a little old woman and a little old man.

One day the little old woman made a boy out of gingerbread.

She put it into the oven to bake.

By and by she opened the oven door, to see if it was done.

Out jumped the Gingerbread Boy!

Away he ran, out of the door and down the road.

The little old woman and the little old man ran after him.

But the Gingerbread Boy looked back and called out,

“Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man!”

And they could not catch him.



The little Gingerbread Boy ran
on and on.

Soon he came to a cow.

“Stop, little Gingerbread Boy,”
said the cow; “I should like
to eat you.”

But the little Gingerbread Boy called
out,

“I have run away
from a little old woman,
And a little old man,
And I can run away from you,
I can!”

The cow ran after him.

But the Gingerbread Boy looked back
and called,

“Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can’t catch me,
I’m the Gingerbread Man!”

And the cow could not catch him.



The little Gingerbread Boy ran on and
on.

Soon he came to a horse.

“Please stop, little Gingerbread Boy,”
said the horse; “you look very good
to eat.”

But the little Gingerbread Boy called
out,

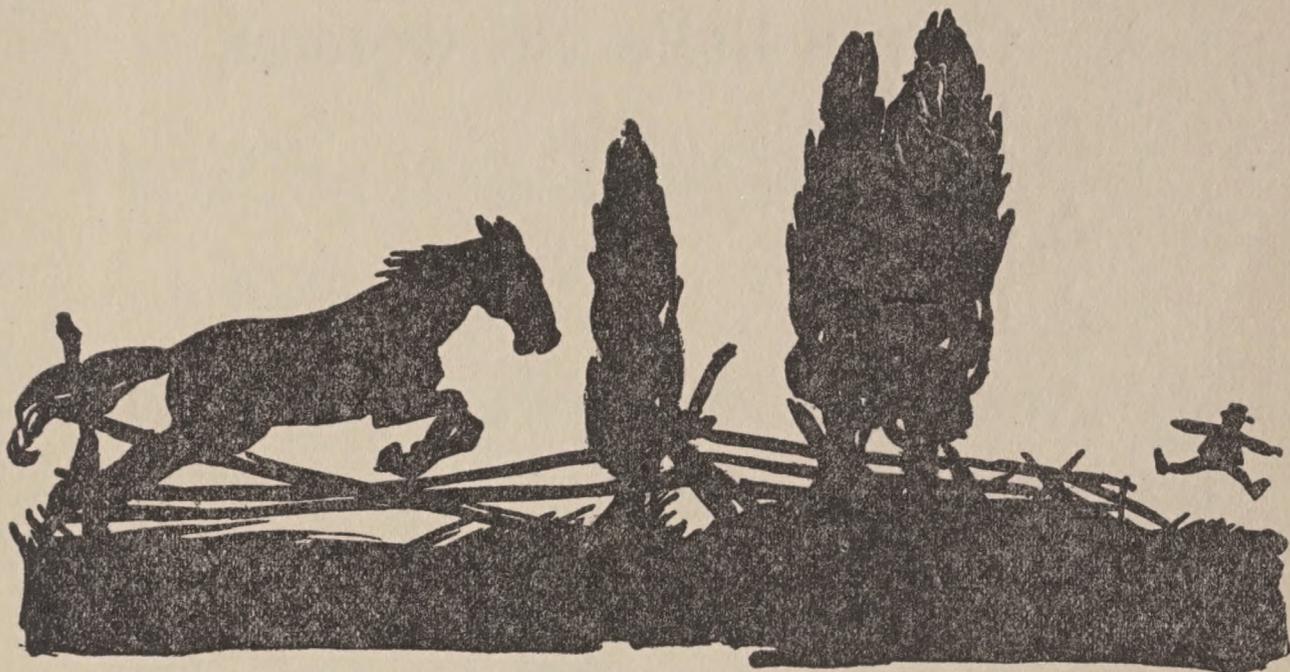
“I have run away
from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A cow,
And I can run away from you,
I can !”

The horse ran after him.

But the Gingerbread Boy looked back
and called,

“Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man!”

And the horse could not catch him.



By and by the little Gingerbread Boy
came to a field where a man
was working.

The man saw him running, and called,
“Do not run so fast,
little Gingerbread Boy; you look
very good to eat.”

But the little Gingerbread Boy ran
faster and faster.

As he ran, he called,

“I have run away
from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A cow,
A horse,
And I can run away from you,
I can!”



The man in the field ran after him.
But the Gingerbread Boy looked back
and called out,

“Run ! run ! as fast as you can !
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man !”

And the man could not catch him.

Then the little Gingerbread Boy
saw a fox.

By this time, the little Gingerbread Boy
was very pleased with himself.

He was pleased that he could run
so fast.

So he called out to the fox,

“I have run away
from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A cow,
A horse,
A man in a field,

And I can run away from you,
I can!

Run! run! as fast as you can!

You can't catch me,

I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

"O ho!" called the fox, "we will see
about that!"

The Gingerbread Boy ran just as fast
as he could.

But the fox could run faster.

He caught the little Gingerbread Boy,
and ate him up.



RED, BLUE, AND GOLD

What is red, red, red?

A rose by the garden wall—

A dear little rose

and a sweet little rose,

That grows on a rose tree tall.

What is blue, blue, blue?

The sky on a bright spring day;

And the pretty brook

that singing goes,

Is blue as it runs on its way.

And what is gold, gold, gold?

The sun that rides on high,

The daisy's eye

in the meadow,

And the wings of a butterfly.



WHAT I LOVE

The daisies white are dear to me,
I love their golden eyes;
I love the gold of the butterfly
And the blue of the brooks and skies.
But when a rose, a little red rose,
Nods to me from the wall,
I say, "O rose, O dear little rose,
I love you best of all!"



WHICH?

Which is Lucy Locket?

Which is Kitty Fisher?

Which is Little Jack Horner?

Which is Mrs. Horner?



AND WHICH?

Which is Bobby Shafto?

Which is Little Boy Blue?

Which is Little Miss Muffet?

Which is Mrs. Muffet?

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020930779

